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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Out of the Old Year into the New.

Out of his jacket and into his blouse
Out of the lanes where linger the cows,
Up from the stream where shy trout rise
To the silent fall of the snaring flies;
Squaring his shoulders, stroking his chin
Eying the boot with the breech-leg in,
The boy-child pippeth the egg so well,
That Man comes out of the broken shell.

What shall be do in his life begun?—
Go to the bank where the brook-trout run?
Go to the close and follow the cows
The homeward way from the slopes they browse?
Snare in the thicket? Tray in the field?
Ride on the sweep at the cider yield?
"Lord of Creation!" What shall he do
Out of his Old Year into his New?

Fuller the coveys than ever before—
Hare in the warren, fish at the shore—
The seed of the rag-weed falls full fast,
But trapping days of the boy are past,
The snows may come, but free is the hare
To hold his track in the hiding tare—
The hare-race now with the boy is done;
The hound-race hard with the man begun.

Aye, square your shoulders and stroke your chin,
The days of labor are crowding in.
You play no hide-and-seek in the mows;
You beat no way with the browsing cows
Ho! for the sickle and scythe and spade!
Into the sun-heat out of the shade—
Start in the furrow, travel it true
Out of the Old Year into the New.

Out of her under-coat, red and small,
And out of her bib and her overall;
Hiding the rise of her ankles fair
With trailing drape of a fuller wear;
Binding her breast to steadier place
In silken bonds of the corset-lace,
The girl-child endeth her days of bliss.
And Woman comes from the chrysalis.

What shall she do in her life begun?—
Gather the buds that blow in the sun,
Fashion her garlands to quaint design,
Under the glint of the fielder's tine?
Loiter the meadows and romp and cry,
As the mower goes in the golden rye?
Blossom of girlhood! What shall she do
Out of the Old Year into the New?

Go to the brook for the yestere'en girl,
With her sundown hat and leaf-brown curl;
Go to the glass of the opal lymph
And widen your eyes, oh, new-born nymph!
The meadow is sweet with fresh-cut hay
The odor the same as yesterday,
But never you'll tread, with singing blithe,
The scented bed of the mower's scythe.

You loosen your zone and turn your eye
To gleaning girls in the golden rye;
But tighten it now, and turn away,
It's only a glimpse of yesterday—
The distaff stands in the window-light,
There's weft to weave in the warp to-night;
The rye-field way is not for you,
Out of the Old Year into the New.

Woman and man, at the start of life,
A sunburnt spouse and a peach-cheeked wife,
Kneeling and swearing the words that bind
The Twain in bonds of the archer blind;
Plucking the flowers they nurse so true
In the gloaming walk where wild ones grew;
A man and woman with life beguu,
Who were two but now, and now but one;

What will they do at their life's outstart?
Meet in the meadow and smile and part?
Walk in the sundown aisles of the day,
Study the shades of the twilight gray?
Ramble the fields where the roses are
When the foot falls dry and sun shines fair?
What will the twain in the blood-rite do
Out of the Old Year into the New?

When flax is ripe for the spinning-wheel
There's nothing left for the honey-meal;
In other bloom where the dew food lies
Must loiter the bees with laden thighs—
Now gather the flax and break it bright,
The distaff's still in the window-light;
Gather and garner in under roof,
For still the warp is waiting the woof.

Be true to your plow and sweep your scythe
With sinews strong and muscles lithe!
A cradle rocks on the homestead floor,
One stranger there, and a chance for more
Go deep in the sod and turn full fair,
For youth is coming the yield to share
Mother and father, there's more to do
Out of your Old Year into your New.

Master and dame, at the close of life,
A toil-bent spouse and a child-worn wife
Sitting at eve in their westward stoop,
Watching the sun to the westward droop
Sitting alone in their oaken chairs,
Waiting the twilight, gray as their hairs,
Olden and worn, and ending the run
Of days like that of the dying sun.

Ah, still, as the sun that leaves the plain
They sink at the verge, to rise again;
Making the course from gold to gray,
They turn the arc of a single day,
And sink in the end to rise again.
In world of beauty, or world of bane,
Mother and father, what world for you
Out of the Old Day into the New?

Look to the life that is laid before,
In fields beyond on the faint-lined shore
It's not a measure of labor now,
A question of bread, and beaded brow;
A question of fields, and buds, and bloom;
Of days of shining, and days of gloom;
You'll answer the Maker's graver one,
Not what *shall* you do—*What have you done?*

Ah, woman and man, there liest the test
For human souls of their final rest—
What are your hopes and what are your fears?
What have you done in the dry, dead years?
What do you claim as a just reward
At the hand of Him—the gracious Lord?
Mercy and love be given to you,
Out of the Old Life into the New.

HENRY F. STANTON.

Grandfather's Gift.

The last night of the old year Jessie sat on her Grandfather's knee, with her curly head resting on his shoulder and her chubby hands swinging gently backward and forward.

"What are you going to give me to-morrow, Grandpa?"

"Give you to-morrow? Kisses, of course," said Grandpa.

"No, I mean what are you going to give me for a New Year's gift?"

"Such a big New Year's gift ought to be contented with itself," said Grandfather. "I sha'n't need to give you anything."

"Oh, yes, you will!" and Jessie let the watch slide into her grandfather's pocket, and framing his face in her little hands, looked reproachfully and entreatingly into his face.

"I?" asked Grandfather, regarding that same little face with very kind eyes.

"Yes, you must," said Jessie imperiously.

"What shall I give you then?" he asked.

Jessie thought a moment.

"A pocket full of money."

"A pocket full of money? What could you do with a pocket full of money?"

"Walk out," said Jessie.

"And lose it all."

"No Grandpa, of course not—give it away."

"Oh-h!" said Grandfather, "that's the idea."

"Yes," said Jessie, "Last New Year's I met ever so many poor little girls and boys that said: 'Please give me a penny?'" and Jessie said the words thickly and fast as she remembered to have heard them, "and it went to my heart, Grandfather, to pass them by dressed in my ermine cloak and velvet hat."

Grandfather's eyes grew serious.

"Supposing, Jessie," he said, "I should fill your pockets with the money which I intend to buy a pony with next summer, do you think you would be willing to go without the pony when summer comes?"

"Oh, yes, Grandpa," said Jessie eagerly, "I am sure I should, and that would be of lots money, wouldn't it?"

"I should only put part in your pocket and the rest in the bank for mamma to help you spend."

"Spend? For poor little girls and boys?"

"Yes, dear."

"You're a beautiful Grandpa!"

Grandfather did not say anything, but he thought in his heart that Jessie was a New Year's gift invaluable.

"Did you hear the child?" he asked of Jessie's mother, after Jessie had gone to bed.

"Why, yes," said Jessie's mother. "It is no more than she ought to do. I should be sorry if she did not think of others, with all the comforts that she has."

That same night another little girl of Jessie's age lay weeping silently in the corner of a desolate room where a feeble fire burned in a broken grate, and every other sign of poverty prevailed.

Upon a narrow bedstead lay the little girl's mother, too sick to rise, sleeping now, after a day of weary pain.

Presently there came a knock outside the door, at the sound of which the little girl rose, and brushing the the tears from her eyes, went softly and opened the door.

"Rob! she exclaimed gladly, is that you?"

"Yes, Agnes; but it's no use—"

"Hush-h!" said Agnes, shutting the door very gently and drawing her brother into the adjoining room, "Oh, Rob, you don't mean they didn't want you?"

"Yes, I do; and we may as well die and be done with it. Never mind, Aggie, don't cry"—noticing his sister's distress "Perhaps something will turn up."

And striving to comfort his sister, Rob deceived himself as to the hopelessness of things.

People are always kinder at New Year's. I may beg a job somewhere, as long as the Sharpleys don't want me. They didn't pay me well, as it was, and if it hadn't been for mother being sick—"

"They've got so much money, too!" sobbed Agnes. "Oh, I know if I was a rich man I'd look out for poor people!"

"I think I should too," said Rob "At least I wouldn't cheat them out of what really did belong to them."

A faint call from the sickroom reached Agnes' ear, and both she and her brother hastened to the bedside of their mother, where they remained most of the night, sleeping and watching by turns, hoping that the morning would find her better, yet fearing it would find her worse.

Rob had wished to call a physician, but as there was nothing to pay one with, and no immediate prospect of any means to do so, he had not gone; but in the morning he started out for that purpose, and Agnes, cheering the fire into its warmest blaze, sought to keep up a brave heart, while the patient invalid lay as silent and uncomplaining as it was possible for her, suffering and weak as she was.

The hours stole slowly by towards noon, and Rob did not return, neither did the physician appear, and little Agnes at last decided to go for the latter, while with an anxious heart she wondered where her brother could be.

As she hurried along the street, so intent upon her purpose, eager only to get a physician, and hasten back to her mother she stumbled awkwardly against a little girl who was walking with one hand in her grandfather's and one hand in her pocket.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jessie, as she put her jaunty hat back into its proper place, and regarded the frightened Agnes. "Oh, did I hurt you Little Girl?"

"Oh, no," said Agnes; "I was afraid I hurt you. I'm sorry—I was not looking." And she was hastening on, when Jessie caught hold of her shawl, which felt very thin, and drew her back.

"I want to wish you a happy New Year," she said, "and give you something to buy you a new shawl," and she eagerly pressed a handful of coins into Agnes, hand.

"Do you mean to give this all to me?" asked Agnes, bewildered.

"Oh, yes," said Jessie, "and more, too, if you want it. That's my New Year's gift, isn't it, Grandpa?"

"It will more than pay Dr. Western," said Anges, speaking to herself as she eagerly counted the money. "Oh how kind of you! The money'll make my mother better just in itself."

"Is your mother sick?" asked Jessie, compassionately.

"Yes," answered Agnes, her eyes filling with tears; "and I must not stop to talk, although I thank you so very much."

"Just a moment longer!" said Jessie's grandfather. "Where do you live? We may be able to be of use to your mother. Dr. Western and I are old friends. Does he think your mother so very sick?"

"He hasn't seen her yet," faltered Agnes; "we did not like to call him until we had to, as we were afraid we could not pay him; but now—now I must hurry, for mother is alone."

"Go back to her," said Jessie's grandfather. "I will go for Dr. Western myself."

"Oh thank you!" said Agnes, then he will be sure to come."

"Yes, and we will come back with him," said Jessie, shouting out after her as she hastened away. "Let us hurry Grandpa. I hope Dr. Western will be at home."

They found him just returning and making preparations to call on the sick woman, as Rob had left word for him to do in the morning.

He took Jessie and her grandfather with him in his chaise and in a few minutes they stopped before the shabby habitation which Agnes was just entering.

She uttered a glad exclamation at beholding them, and showed the doctor at once to her mother's bedside.

"I am glad," he said to Jessie's grandfather after prescribing for his patient, "to meet you here, for here you will find an opportunity to exercise the charity for which you have acquired a reputation. These are worthy people and your kindness will not be lost upon them."

Meanwhile, Jessie had been explaining to Agnes about her pocketful of money, and Agnes told her of other little boys and girls who, she supposed, would be as glad of the money as she had been.

"Oh, I hope Rob will come soon," she said, "everything is so nice. Rob said people would be kinder today because it is New Year's and he was right."

"Is Rob your brother?" asked Jessie.

"Yes," and Agnes drew such a glowing picture of him that Jessie wanted to wait and see him, but grandfather warned her that their dinner hour was near at hand and that they must be going.

"You will hear from us again," he said to Agnes, while Jessie insisted upon putting more money into her hand.

"For Rob," she said, laughing.

Doctor Western remained a while longer, as he was in truth more anxious about his patient than he really cared to show.

She was, however, sleeping quietly, when, with a few words to Agnes, he withdrew.

"I need not be quite so afraid to put this last shovelful of coal on," said she, meditatively, as she renewed the fire, and settled herself to count her money and consider what of all their needs it should buy for them.

While thus occupied she fell asleep.

* * *

Jessie was eating her New Year's dinner, and between the mouthfuls recounting the adventures of the morning.

"You'll go there, mamma, won't you?"

"Certainly, my dear, this very afternoon."

"And, mamma, I shall give them all the money I was going to put in the bank, shall I not?"

"We will consider it, my dear. We will learn first what their needs are."

"Most everything, I should think, shouldn't you, Grandpa?"

"Pretty nearly, from what I saw and from what Dr. Western tells me."

"Oh, mamma, why didn't I think to ask you to send that little girl a dinner?"

"I thought of it," said Grandfather, "and your mother has sent it."

* * *

So when Agnes woke with a start from her sleep it was to find by her side a basket of provisions which some one had left there.

"Mother," she said softly; but her mother was still sleeping. "I ought to have locked the door," said Agnes, "but I did not think of going to sleep. That dear little girl must have sent this. I will put it by until Rob comes, and then mother could eat some of it."

Jessie was much displeased when, later in the afternoon, she and her mother made their proposed visit, to find that the dinner was untouched.

"Didn't eat even a piece of pie?" she asked.

Agnes shook her head.

"Then you must eat it," said Jessie, "for mother is going to send you as many pies as you want, and everything else."

Which was, Agnes thought, quite true, when that night that narrow bedstead had given way to a more commodious one, and the scanty bed clothes were replaced by warm, soft blankets and a downy spread.

Every comfort that the invalid could desire was placed at her disposal, with the promise of the constant attention of Dr. Western until health should return to her.

A happy New Year it proved in this home from the first day until the end.

With hope and comfort, health and happiness returned, for that night when Rob came back to find the joyous change the day had wrought, he had his own happy story to add to the general rejoicing.

He had aided a lady to cross a crowded street, and picked her little boy out almost from under the horses' hoofs, and she, in turn had taken him home with her, and recommended him to one of her gentleman boarders who had need of a boy in his business, and who at once engaged Rob, and as he was only too willing to begin his labors then and there, had kept him busy till night; for before his father died Rob had been kept at school.

"A happy New Year," said Agnes, as she and Rob watched the smile on their mother's pale face that night as she lay sleeping.

"A happy New Year," said Jessie, with her curly head nestled under her grandfather's chin. "It was a good present you gave me, grandpa wasn't it?"

"It was a very wise little brain that thought of it," said Grandfather. "But wait till the summer comes with no pony, then see."

"Grandpa!" and Jessie's reproachful eyes quite silenced him.—*M. A. Alden in N. Y. Weekly.*

The Mistletoe Bough.

With the single exception of the holly, there is no plant which we associate so much with the festive season of Christmas as the mistletoe, and there is certainly none which is so curious in its mode of preservation, or around which cluster so many strange myths and traditions. The mistletoe has always been held sacred to Freya, the Scandinavian Goddess of Love. Yet it is interesting to note that by the Romans it was held sacred to Proserpina. Her doves it was that guided Æneas to the tree whereon grew the golden bough, different from the tree itself, and this is he bidden to pluck and carry as an offering to Proserpina as the only condition on which he could visit the realm below. Possibly Freya united in herself the attributes of Venus, Ceres and Proserpina. For the ancient Druids worshiped the sun, and in Babylon the sun and moon were Baal and Mylitta, and Mylitta was, with the Phoenicians, Astarte, the Goddess of Love.

The derivation of the word "mistletoe" is wrapped in obscurity, both German and Danish having been pressed into etymological service. But one of the earliest associations with which it is connected is with Druidical rites. It was hailed and honored by them, both in Gaul and Britain, as a divine plant, which they denominated *pren-awyr*, the celestial tree, or the tree of the firmament, and also *oll-yach*, all-heal, and distributed at certain seasons with remarkable solemnities as a special gift. The reverence paid to the plant by the Druids was something extraordinary.

As Pliny tells us: "The Druids held nothing more sacred than the mistletoe, provided it be on the oak. They looked upon it as being a certain sign that their god has made choice of that tree for himself. When the end of the year approached they marched with great solemnity to gather the mistletoe, in order to present it to Jupiter, inviting all to assist at the ceremony in these words, 'The New Year is at hand; gather the mistletoe. *Ad viscum, annus novus.*' The sacrifices being ready, the priest ascended the oak, and with a golden hook cut the mistletoe, which was received in a white garment cut for the purpose. Two white bulls that had never been yoked were then brought forth and offered the deity with prayers that he would prosper those to whom he had given so precious a boon." The new year of the Druids, however, did not correspond with ours. Toland says that the Druidical New Year's Day was the tenth of March, "which was the day of seeking, cutting and consecrating the wonder-working all-heal."

Still it is to Freya that the mistletoe will be most remembered, especially among lovers, to whom its sentimental associations far outweigh any amount of antiquarian lore; for Freya was the Venus of Scandinvia:

"Freya, from whom flows every bliss,
The winning smile, the melting kiss."

Hence it has always been deemed sacred to love. Hence, also, arises the custom (proper to Christmas) of suspending it in halls and kitchens and the privileges that custom confers on those who stand beneath its magic shade—a custom honored in its observance by no less virtuous a person than Mr. Pickwick himself. Here, briefly, the son of Freya (or Friga) dreamed once upon a time a fearful dream, which warned him that he was in dreadful peril of his life. The terrified goddess, by way of securing immunity for her dear son, exacted an oath from the four elements, earth, air, fire and water, and all things springing from them, that they would do no harm to her son. This being given, the Scandinavian gods met in their hall, and placing Balder in their midst, amused themselves by casting stones and darts and other missiles at him. In obedience to the oaths that had been taken, these all fell off from him, leaving him unscathed. Loki, the Spirit of Evil, however, filled with astonishment and envy at the sight, resolved to learn the secret of Balder's safety. Transforming himself into an old woman, he called upon Freya, congratulated her on her son's invulnerability, and, wiling himself into her confidence, won the secret of Balder's safety.

On Loki inquiring if all things had taken the oath of protection concering Balder, Freya acknowledged that everything had taken the oath except the mistletoe, which, after all, was not a plant, but a parasite, living on the sap and virtue of other trees.

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm,
Even the plants and stones,
All save the mistletoe, the sacred mistletoe.

Loki left the presence of Freya in a state of rejoicing. Assuming his own shape again, he seized the largest branch of mistletoe he could find and fashioned it into an arrow. On return to the assembly he found the gods still interested in their sports—a little off being Hoder (the blind god of Fate), who could not share their amusements. Loki begged him to join in doing honor to Freya's son, and placing the mistletoe dart in his hand guided his arm It flew with fatal accuracy, piercing the hapless Balder to the heart and stretching him dead before the startled gods. Such is the legend of the mistletoe, told here at the risk perhaps of killing some pretty sentiment concerning its source and origin. Indeed, properly considered, it should be regarded as the omen of death and misfortune rather than as an omen of life and happiness.

Yet, after all, there has grown up about the mistletoe a sentiment and interest which far be it from us to even faintly seek to destroy. As the old antiquary Brand tell us: "It had a place assigned to it in kitchens, where it was hung up in great state with its white berries, and whatever female chanced to stand under it the young man present either had a right (or claimed one) of saluting her and carrying and plucking over a berry at each kiss." Something of the sort has survived to this hour, and Christmas with its mistletoe still keeps its place in most of our hearts:

Under the mistletoe, pearly and green,
Meet the kind lips of the young and the old;
Under the mistletoe hearts may be seen,
Glowing as if they had never been cold;
Under the mistletoe, peace and good-will,
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain;
Leaves of the olive branch twine with it still,
While breathings of hope still the loud carol strain.
Yet why this holy and festival mirth,
In the reign of old Christmastide ever be found!
Hang up Love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

MR. AND MRS GEORGE T. SANDERS TENDER A RECEPTION.

MT. AIRY, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 13, 1916.—On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders tendered at their home in Mt. Airy one of the most brilliant and successful receptions given in this city within recent years. The occasion was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Because their anniversary day fell upon Sunday, the reception was not given until the following Monday. In spite of the rather inclement weather, a very large number of friends of the couple were participants, making the affair an unusual social success.

Novel ideas in interior decoration and entertainment were the characteristics of the evening. Festoons of shimmering silver foil made the reception room most attractive in appearance. A large numeral figure 25, made of the same material and hung under the mantelpiece, gave sufficient evidence of the nature of the occasion.

A feature of the evening's entertainment was a terpsichorean demonstration rendered by the Misses Dorothy and Margaret Sanders, daughters of the couple. The Misses Sanders have a wide reputation for their ability as artistic dancers, and the grace of their rhythmic motions evoked the admiration of all assembled.

Friends residing in Philadelphia tendered the couple their congratulations in the form of a mahogany tea wagon of exquisite design. Their numerous friends connected with the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, also united to present them with a dozen and a half silver tea spoons. Numerous other gifts were presented.

As a fitting close to the occasion, the Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, of Philadelphia, proposed to re marry the couple. The "bride" demurred at first, but soon gave her consent to the ceremony. Several of the younger ladies present were hastily pressed into service as bridesmaids and flower girls, a bridal procession was formed, and the "bride," dressed in a purple gown and carrying a spray of violets, was led demurely up to her erstwhile husband. Although no advance information of this part of the evening's events had been given out, the ceremony was hardly over ere some preparedness advocate or other among those present began to shower the couple with rice, while everyone crowded around them to offer their congratulations.

Mrs. Sanders has long been active in the social affairs of the Philadelphia deaf, and many social successes have been due to her untiring efforts. Many of the guests present came from considerable distances. Pawling, N. Y., and Toronto were represented. The success of the occasion is only an indication of of numerous friends which the couple possess, but is also a testimony of the appreciation in which Mr. and Mrs. Sanders are held by the deaf of Philadelphia for their social work.

Some of the friends of the couple residing in California and other distant States were unable to attend on account of the excessive distance. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Sanders, the Misses Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Sanders, of New York, Mr. Farley Gaunet of Harrisburg, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. E. Crouter, Rev. and Mrs. C O. Dantzer, Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Breen, Mr. Robert E. Bray, Mr. Myer Baliff, Miss Edith Boozer, Mr William Cooper, Mr. Orvis Dantzer, Mr. Joseph Donohue, Miss Alice Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. Detweiler, Miss Gertrude Downey, Mr. Jerome T. Elwell, Miss Julia Foley, Miss Serena Foley, Mr. Henry Friemel, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Germane, Miss June Germane, Miss Delia Gerow, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gunkel, Miss Marie Goodling, Miss Carrie Hess, Miss Mamie Hess, Mr. Washington Houston, Mr. Oscar Holmes, Miss Dora Kintzel, Mrs. Viola King, Miss Katherine Keeney, Miss Margaret Laird, Mr. William Lee, Mr. D. Ellis Lit, Miss Irene Nilnes, Mr. Louis Lovett, Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Miss Susan McKinney, Mrs. Nancy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. McGhee, Mr. A. Clarence Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Irby Marchman, Miss Matilda O'Neill, Mr. John A. Roach, Miss Hannah Reidy, Miss Esther Rappoport, Mr. and Mrs. Erhard Strecker, Mrs. Henry W. Syle, Miss Irene Syle, Mrs. Ellis M. Pearce, Master Ellis Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Scott, Mr. Warren M. Schmaltz, Miss Rhea Schweriner, Miss Alice Stenson, Miss Louise Sadelmyer, Mrs. Mabel Wilson, Mrs. Helen R. Wilson, Mr. James A. Weaver, Mrs. and Miss Woods, Miss Morgan, the Misses Umlauf, and Mr. R. Middleton Ziegler.

A Song for the Tired Printer.

"I wisht I was a little rock, a-setting on a hill;
A-doing nothing all day long, but just a-setting still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink, I wouldn't even wash;
I'd set and set a thousand years and rest myself, by gosh!"

Collie Dog Asphyxiated by Gas.

The valuable and handsome collie dog owned by Frank E. Beirne, of 20 East Main Street, was accidentally asphyxiated by gas in the latter's home on Monday night. In some manner not known, the gas escaped from a jet in a room at the rear of the house, where the animal was sleeping, and when Mr. Beirne arose this morning, he found the dog lying dead on the floor.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1916.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

FANWOOD.

'Mid dazzling Christmas decorations, foremost of which was a big ten-foot evergreen tree, Santa, true to his word, made a flying visit to Fanwood in the chapel Friday afternoon, with his ever heavy pack and snowy beard, spreading a glow of infinite happiness over row after row of laughing faces of some five hundred youngsters and little Misses. The mirth and clever arrangement of the occasion resulted in one of the best Christmas festivities yet recalled at Fanwood, and there were numberless presents for all, each boy and girl receiving a small box of wholesome mixed chocolate cream and sugar candies. Just before the arrival of "that jolly good old fellow," a class of the kindergarten girls arrayed in white dresses, gave a merry little dance around the open fireplace and then scooted off to await the arrival of Santa. Prof. Jones filled that difficult role with the skill which years of experience have given him, and won a place of love down in our hearts for his service. With his "fat round belly" and big boots, Santa was surprised, caught and brought before the audience, by the little girls in hiding. Then followed a lot of fun and Santa's address, speaking of the message he had received from Principal Currier in the far north, and of his great joy to come and see so many good little folks. The spirit of giving was fully demonstrated; Principal Currier and Mrs. Currier being given the first presents, the most beautiful of all. After all had been made happy by the distribution of gifts, the pupils marched out, each having his and her treasure, and the smiling greeting of the little old man with pink cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Before school adjourned Friday afternoon, a singing concert was given in the girls' study under direction of Principal Currier and Miss Berry who has been the director. Twenty-three classes responded, each grade rendering separately Christmas carols and appropriate Christmas selections. In chanting the "Grace Before Meat," all present spoke, after which the gathering was dismissed with the congratulations and applause of all present.

Before the customary weekly gathering of the Cadet Officers' School recently, Major Van Tassell, who is chief instructor, addressed the boys speaking to some length on the use and handling of a United States Army Rifle. The Major gave an illustrative description of the many combinations of the piece, citing each part and its name. Minute detail was also discussed in referring to its mechanism and the delicate construction of it.

The week's activities in basketball have been of the highest character and very gratifying to those concerned. Now that the indoor tournament is on, the six teams competing have shown at certain times a little of the extraordinary, and at times exceptionally brilliant play. Each team has reported on the court daily according to schedule, and on every occasion an enthusiastic body of cadets have formed a lively gray mass in the background of the gymnasium. Evidently, the Principal's prizes, gold and silver medals, have awakened a fresh spirit of friendly rivalry and brought forth an energetic effort that has resulted in some of the most closely fought contests yet played. Enthusiasm has counted a great deal in the four games played so far. The rating of the teams after the first week's play is:—

	G.	W.	L.	P.C.
Hodgson Five. . .	2	2	0	1.000
Jones Five	1	1	0	1.000
Fox Five	1	1	0	1.000
Van Tassell Five.	2	0	0	.000
Margraf Five . . .	1	0	1	.000
Currier Five . . .	1	0	1	.000

Saturday morning a list of more than two thirds the school's roster left for home to spend the Christmas and New Year holidays. The pupils will return on the third of the next month to carry on the duties of 1917.

Benjamin De Castro, who graduated from Fanwood a couple of years ago and returned to his home in Panama, writes that he was present at the bull fight in which Jose Rivas, a bull fighter from Spain, was gored to death. Ben writes that it was a terrible thing to witness.

Miss Williams, teacher of the Senior grade of the Kendall School, Washington, D. C., was one of the visitors to inspect the school-room work in the company of Major Van Tassell. She expressed approval and pleasnre at the many noticeable features of the curriculum.

BALTIMORE

Owing to the fact that the customary celebration of Rev. Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's birthday falls to-morrow (Sunday), the natal day of our great educator and benefactor, was fittingly observed on Tuesday night in the Lecture Room, of the beautiful First Baptist Church, Fremont and Lafayette Avenues, under the auspices of the Baptist Department for the Deaf. Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., and one of the World's foremost educators and acknowledged authority on the Education of the Deaf, delivered orally before a representative and appreciative audience of about eighty persons, one of the most brilliant and scholary lectures that was ever given in Maryland, the subject being "The Education of the Deaf in America."

Rev. Arthur D. Bryant, Pastor of the Baltimore Baptist Mission, preceded the lecture with a Prayer of Invocation.

Then he introduced Mr. George C. Brown, alumnus of Gallaudet College, as honorary chairman of the evening. Dr. Charles R. Ely, a member of the Gallaudet College Faculty, acted as interpreter for the benefit of the deaf, and expounded the lecture in an unusually clear and graceful manner, and on the whole, it was listened to with rapt attention. Upon the conclusion of the lecture, Dr. Hall and Dr. Ely were heartily applauded, and they were also accorded a rising vote of thanks.

They were afterwards given a reception and Rev. Dr. Bartlett A. Lowers, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, introduced several prominent officials of his church as well as well-known citizens of this city to the distinguished guests. We were extremely happy to have the visitors among our midst, and we are proud of the fact that Dr. Ely is a native of Maryland, he having been raised and spent his boyhood days at the Maryland State School for the Deaf at Frederick, Md., of which his eminent father, Prof. Charles Wright Ely, was the head for over forty-two years.

The writer was in receipt of a letter from President Hall, in which he stated that he was exceedingly delighted with his trip to Baltimore and the opportunity afforded him of meeting his audience.

In Dr. Hall's lecture, he embraced every phase of modern and efficient methods as employed in our State Institutions of the country, and he also repleted it with interesting untold incidents and a mass of wonderful statistics pertaining to the early development of the education of the deaf up to the present time.

W. W. D., JR.

PRESIDENT HALL'S LECTURE.

All authorities agree that the lot of deaf people in very ancient times was indeed a sad one. Even the wisest men of the East held that there could be no soul without speech, and that, therefore, children born deaf were on the same level as animals; and so, condemned to grow up with no opportunity for instruction, classed with animals or idiots, deprived of the right to hold property, and almost entirely cut off from all other human beings, life must have been worth very little indeed to them.

As the years passed by and civilization progressed, there came the realization that even deaf children have minds and souls capable of development. We find the ancient Romans, with their wise system of laws, recognizing to some extent the rights of deaf people to hold property. We find Christ curing the dumb man. We find an example of a churchman, in the 8th century (The Ven. Bede), endeavoring to teach one or two deaf children. Yet for hundreds of years after the beginning of the Christian era, practically nothing was accomplished for the education of deaf, and it was not until almost modern times, beginning in the latter part of the 15th century, that we find really successful attempts to educate deaf children.

Then Paul Bonet succeeded in instructing the children of a noble Spanish family, and his work and methods spread gradually, until by the end of the 18th century public education of these unfortunates had been started in Austria and in France, and in other continental countries, and private schools had been founded in Great Britain. The greatest honor in all these early attempts at education of the deaf is due to the Abbe de l'Epee, who devoted his life to the instruction of deaf children in Paris, during the 18th century, founding there a free school, supported by his own funds, which served as a model for practically all the public institutions founded later in Europe.

But while this development took place in Europe, during the whole history of the American colonies and even the beginning of the Government of the United States, the lot of deaf children in America must have been almost as pitiful as that of the unfortunate deaf children of the early ages; for we are unable to find a single instance of the education of the deaf on the North American continent before the early part of the 19th century. It is true that a very few fortunate children, sons of wealthy parents, and not more than can be counted on the fingers of one's hand, had been sent to Scotland to be educated a few years before the close of the 19th century, but not a single school for the deaf existed at that time in North America. Nor was there a single man among the several million population who knew enough about the education of the deaf to teach any of the hundreds of such unforunate children as must have lived at that time in the United States.

It is true that the parents of the few children educated in the Edinburgh school, notably Mr. Green, a wealthy merchant of Boston, were desirous of seeing schools established in our own country to carry on the education of the deaf, but they accomplished nothing in the way of permanent work in this direction.

In 1807, a clergyman tried to instruct a few deaf children whom he discovered in an almshouse in New York. His work met with little success, however, and was soon abandoned.

In 1815, John Braidwood, nephew of the famous instructor of the deaf, Thomas Braidwood, of Edinburgh, fled from difficulties at home and appeared here in your home city of Baltimore, advertising the opening of a private school for deaf children. He had as one of his supporters, Colonel William Bolling, of Virginia, one of the young men sent from the United States to be educated in Scotland. It may be interesting, by the way, to note that this well-known family of Virginia claims descent from Pocahontas, and is the same family from which is descended Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt Wilson. Two of Colonel Bolling's children being deaf, he had promised to support young Braidwood in his work of founding a school in Baltimore. This school, however, was never opened. Braidwood, a dissolute young man, having collected considerable funds for the work, spent them for his own pleasures, fled from Baltimore, and was found later in jail in New York for debt. Colonel Bolling, still believing in him, established him as tutor in his own home, in Virginia, and started a small private school for him. Here, Braidwood again failed in his trust, and, after another attempt to re-establish the work, Colonel Bolling gave it up. The school was closed, and Braidwood died a bartender and a drunkard in 1819.

Braidwood's work was done solely for the benefit of the children of a few wealthy families. A tuition fee equivalent now to $1000 per year being charged for his pupils. So it was conducted, on his part, for the money involved. It was in the end a complete failure, and so little impression was made by his work that it took much patient research to discover the facts in connection with his ill-fated attempt at the education of a few of the deaf in this country.

To whom then shall we give the honor of bringing light and happiness to the deaf people of the United States? This honor, without question, belongs to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of public instuction for the deaf in the United States—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, philanthropist, educator, minister, whose name, with the names of other great educators, adorns the walls of the wonderful Congressional Library in Washington! His disinterested spirit, his keen mind, his great heart, and his practical success in bringing to this country a knowledge of the methods of instructing the deaf and in founding in Hartford, Ct., the first free school for the deaf children in this country, have put him first in the hearts of the deaf people of the United States, and each year as the day of his birth (December 10th) approaches, all the deaf and those who labor for them look back with gladness and with thanksgiving to that most interesting time when Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet decided to devote his life to uplifting our silent children.

Young Gallaudet was educated at Yale University, studied law two years, taught two years as tutor at Yale, spent some time on traveling, and finally spent five years at the Andover Theological Seminary, intending to become a minister in the Congregational Church, a position which in those days was even more important than now, and one of the highest, in fact, to which any young man could aspire. After his graduation, he was called by two prominent New England churches to accept a pastorate, and in the early part of 1815 was hesitating in his choice between these two splendid opportunities.

It is interesting, indeed, to know why Gallaudet put aside his whole ambition and preparation for the ministry to enter the unknown field of education of the deaf.

While a young man in Hartford and a student at the Theological Seminary, he had become very much acquainted with the family of Dr. Cogswell and had met Alice, the young deaf daughter of the physician. He had even made some attempts at teaching the little girl by means of writing. Dr. Cogswell, in his desire to educate his little girl, had employed a tutor, but found very little satisfaction in her work, and had decided in the spring of 1815 that he must, if possible, obtain an experienced teacher who could bring the blessings of educations not only to his own little girl, but to many others who were in need of education. He interested a number of prominent Harrford gentlemen in his plan and they agreed that young Gallaudet was the one to whom they should appeal to go abroad, learn the methods of instruction of the deaf, and establish in Hartford a school for deaf children.

On April 13th, 1815, Gallaudet, 28 years old, received this call to a new field. After a week of prayerful meditation, he puts aside the calls from churches, together with all ambitions that he had heretofore cherished, and, believing that his new call had come Providentially, he set out for London with a hopeful heart.

His experiences became immediately most disheartening. The education of the deaf in England at that time was a private work, understood by a few families who kept their method secret and made a handsome living from their special knowledge. In response to Gallaudet's appeal to be taught the methods of education in use in these schools, he was given promises bound with such requirements of long service and secrecy that he did not feel justified in entering into any agreement with the English or Scotch schools.

At this same time, there flourished in Paris a school for deaf children, founded by the Abbe de l'Epee and taken over by the French Government later as a public school. It was then under the charge of the Abbe Sicard, a man of generous nature and broad mind. Young Gallaudet had met the Abbe in London and had been invited to visit the school in Paris. Therefore, in his discouragement, Gallaudet turned toward Paris, and in February, 1816, he accepted the invitation of the Abbe Sicard, who welcomed him at his school with open arms and gave him every opportunity to learn the methods employed in the National School at Paris. The language of signs had been brought to a high state of development by the Abbe Sicard and his teachers. The manual alphabet was also employed most freely and, with writing, formed the basis for the education of the deaf children.

Gallaudet, eager to learn, spent all his time in the going through the various grades as rapidly as possible. Sicard, having given Gallaudet all the assistance he could, also allowed him to choose one of his deaf teachers, Laurent Clerc, to return with him to America and assist in the establishment of the education of the deaf in the new world. And so in the summer of 1816, Gallaudet and Clerc sailed for New York. The trip across the ocean in those days was by no means the short journey of the great steamship of to-day. Almost two months were consumed in the voyage, during which Gallaudet took advantage of every moment of time by continuing his studies with Clerc.

During the latter half of the year 1816, Gallaudet made trips to various cities, including Philadelphia, Albany, and New England centers, and on April 15th, 1817, through private contributions and the bounty of the State of Connecticut, was enabled to open the first free school for the deaf in the United States, now the American School for the Deaf at Hartford.

Other institutions of this character were afterwards founded in the adjacent States, and, at the present time, every State of the Nation maintains one or more free schools for deaf children or makes provision for the free instruction of deaf children in neighboring States. Attracted by the missionary spirit of Gallaudet, many young men of the highest character and education entered the work of education of the deaf. A number of these leaving the Hartford school, assisted in the foundation of newer institutions, with the result that the work of educating the deaf has been carried on in almost every part of the country on a high plane, and has been regarded rightly as one of the most important fields which young men and young women can enter.

Almost a hundred years have passed away since Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet began his work at Hartford. It is of interest to note in definite figures the outcome of his labors. We find in all of our States, save Wyoming, Delaware, and New Hampsbire, free schools for deaf children, and even these States providing for free instruction of their deaf in other States. We find that 75,000 deaf people have been educated in the century passed, and that there are now 64 public residential schools, 70 public day schools, and 21 denominational schools; a total of 155 schools in the United States. There are, besides, 8 schools for the deaf in Canada. 14,000 deaf children are going to school every day in these special institutions, and 1,900 teachers of the deaf are employed in their instruction. Buildings, grounds, and equipment have been provided at an expense of over $20,000,000 to carry in the various States on the work which Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet founded.

Missions in almost every large city of the United States have been established by various denominations, especially the Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, and Baptist; and in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, there are churches owned and managed entirely by deaf congregation. But statistics, no matter how interesting, are all too weak to tell of the blessings which have come to the thousands of deaf people of this country through the self-sacrifice, the labor, and the love of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. This can only be told by the deaf people themselves, whose lives have been made happier and better in every possible way by education.

Since the foundation of the school at Hartford, the changes which have taken place in the methods of education of the deaf have been due largely to the increasing use of speech in the instruction of deaf children. For a small proportion of children born deaf, who can be taught intelligible though mechanical speech and serviceable lip-reading, and for a very large proportion of deaf children who have learned to talk before their hearing was lost through sickness or accident, the speech method may be made successful and may give all that is desired in the way of an education to our deaf young people. However, the wisest and broadest educators of the deaf today, admit the failure of speech and lip-reading in the cases of many deaf children, and turn to the methods employed by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in his first school, that is, to the use of writing, manual spelling and the sign language, in order to reach the mind of the deaf child and bring it to the light. And so the watchword of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, of which Edward Miner Gallaudet has been the honored President for twenty-two years, is "Any method for good results; all methods and wedded to none."

From the very beginning, in this country the aim of the education of the deaf founded by Gallaudet has been to produce from the apparently helpless child a self-supporting and self-respecting citizen. That this aim has been accomplished, I believe can be proved by asking a few simple questions.

Do you know educated deaf people who are dependent upon others? Very few, I guarantee; and their proportion, I venture to say, is certainly not greater than the proportion of educated hearing people who are so dependent. Are deaf people to be found in our courts, in our prisons, or generally as breakers of the law? Very few deaf people, I am glad to say, are found in such positions. The few unfortunate ones who come into the notice of the law are so widely advertised that the real proportion is even yet smaller, I believe, than the ordinary observer would think.

In our State Institutions, such as you are helping to maintain at Frederick for the deaf children of your State, the deaf children of the whole commonwealth receive the best of physical care and a good common school education followed by work that takes them into high school subjects. Every child is taught the value of truth, of honesty, of religion, and to know his proper relations toward those about him. He is also instructed in some useful manual work, such as painting, carpentry, harness making, printing, and many such avenues of life work for the boys; and sewing, cooking and millinery and similar occupations for the girls. This formal education, together with the association with the teachers and and officers, who give their lives to the work of uplifting our deaf young people, has made the instruction of the deaf in this country from the beginning the successful work that Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet hoped and dreamed that it might be.

Before closing this paper, I wish to leave in your minds at least a few clear statements that may remove misapprehension in regard to the education of deaf people and in regard to the deaf, themselves.

In the first place, the education of the deaf is not a charity. Many years ago, our country realized that every child in the community was entitled to a free education. Deaf children cannot receive theirs in the public schools provided for hearing children. They can best receive a proper education for life in residential institutions like the Maryland State School at Frederick, which I have mentioned before, under special teachers who understand their needs. Instruction in these schools for the deaf is not a charity, but a right clearly belonging to the deaf children; and all schools for the deaf should be classed not as asylums, nor homes, nor charitable institutions, but as educational institutions, and should be connected, when supported by the State, with the educational department of the commonwealth.

In the second place, the deaf are quite susceptible to great developement in educational lines. Many of them are poor and unable to carry on their education as far as they might, but from State schools of the country, including your own at Frederick, deaf young men and young women have graduated, have entered Gallaudet College, at Washington, have continued their education in our institution through a college curriculum, and have taken their places in the world as teachers, preachers, printers, chemists, architects, farmers, and as men and women of great ability in many lines.

In the third place, deaf people are not different from you and me. Their hopes, their fears, their joys, are like yours and mine. When they are uneducated children, they may lack in self-control just as all children do, but with education they develop self-control, self-respect, and character.

In the fourth place, deaf people wish to be a part of the community. They wish to talk with their hearing brothers and sisters, they wish to mingle with them. By learning a simple alphabet of twenty-six positions of the hand, any intelligent hearing person, with a few minutes' practice daily, can learn to communicate in a short time with any educated deaf person. Is it not worth while to master this alphabet so that we may understand our deaf friends, no matter how poor their speech, and so that they may understand us?

Yet, in spite of their desire to become a part of the community and to bear their share of burden and duties, it is most natural that they should be happiest together, should wish for their own social gatherings, their own church organizations, and their own ministers.

In the fifth place, the deaf people of our country do not want special privileges or special favors. They do not ask to be excused before the law, or before the courts, because of their deafness. They do not ask nor wish to be looked upon as objects of pity or of charity. All they want is an equal chance with their hearing friends, an opportunity to make good. The young man or woman going out from school life into the world is prepared, except for a few handicaps caused by deafness, to take his share in the world's work. All that he asks of you is a trial and fair play. Will you not give him this trial whenever you can?

We look back one huudred years, to the time when deaf children, and even adult people, in this country, were all ignorant, dependent, and without hope, and we can not help but raise our voices in thankfulness for the spirit which led Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet to take up his missson to France, in the study of our deaf friends, and to feel, as he did, that a special Providence was leading him in the establishment of a work that has brought thousands upon thousands of deaf children of the country to happy and useful manhood and womanhood.

I know that every one of you here tonight will ask, "Is there anything that I can do to further the work which Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet started a hundred years ago?" and I can reply at once that there most certainly is. Every citizen of this State, whether a hearing or a deaf person, can do much to help the progress of the deaf of Maryland, and, for that matter, of every State of the Union. Throughout the country, there is a greater and greater tendency to pass compulsory school laws for hearing children in order to bring into school every hearing child. Think how much more important education is to the deaf child who can get practically nothing from his playmates or parents unless he receives special instruction in school! One of the great needs, therefore, in every State of the Union, is a strict compulsory education law, requiring every deaf child between the ages of six and sixteen, or even older, to be in school nine months of the year. If there is no such law on the Statute books of your Commonwealth today, everyone of you should interest himself in urging the passage of such a law, so that the blessings of education may reach every single deaf child, no matter how far from school he may be.

In another direction your efforts may certainly bring benefit to the deaf. As I have said before to-night, the deaf child is entitled to public education as a right. To make this education the best possible should be the aim of every one of you, and such an aim can only be accomplished by the liberal support of your school for the deaf.

Nowadays we often look to the newer States of the West for model laws in connection with education. The States of the West, with their great free universities and their pride in the educational progress of their young people, have gone far ahead of many of our States in the East, and in Colorado will be found a model law for the support of the State school for the deaf at Colorado Springs. This school is classed as a distinctly educational institution, thereby standing in the same group with the State University and the State Normal school. It is, like them, supported by a proportion of the taxes raised annually in the States. It is not necessary, therefore, for its Board of Trustees or its superintendent to go before a Legislature of the State begging for support, but it has, as a right, such a proportion of the State's taxes as will support it and provide for it liberally. This school is looked upon with pride by every citizen of the State, and all are only too glad to unite in making it one of the best schools of the country.

Such a law might well be written on the Statute books of the State of Maryland, and everyone of you could help in placing it there, and in making your own State school at Frederick larger, stronger, and better equipped to carry on for Maryland's silent children, the great work established in Hartford a century ago by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 949 W. Franklin Street.
Rev. J. A. Branflick *Assistant*, 1002 W. Franklin Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth Street, between Penn Avenue and Duquesene Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, *Pastor*
MRS. ROSE CHESNUT, *Mute-Interpreter.*

Sabbath School—2 to 3 P.M.
Sermon—3 to 4 P.M.
R. P. Mute Endeavor Society—4:15 P.M.
Prayer Meeting—Every first Wednesday of every month.
Everybody Welcome.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls.
Address all mail to
BOX 117, FORT SMITH, ARK.

FLINT, MICHIGAN.

Eighty members and friends of the National Association of the Deaf gathered at a banquet at the Hotel Dresden Saturday night, in honor of the birthday of Thomas H Gallaudet, the first man to found a school for the deaf in this country. This school was located at Hartford, Ct., and is still in operation. A mammoth celebration will be held next summer in the city of Hartford to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of this school.

Edward M. Gallaudet, a son of the founder, now a resident of Hartford, sent greetings to the banqueters here. He like his father, devoted the best years of his life to the education of the deaf. He was founder and, for nearly fifty years, president of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., the only institution for the higher education or the deaf in the world. He retired from active service a few years ago, but is still president of the National Association of Teachers of the Deaf, a position he has held for many years. His brother, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who died about ten years ago, devoted his entire life to the deaf. He founded the first church for the deaf in this country at New York, and later established branch missions all over the country, one of the first being at St. Paul's church in Flint. The mission was first placed in charge of Rev. A.W. Mann, formerly a teacher at M. S. D, and on his death a few years ago the mission passed into his hands of Rev. B. R. Allabough, who is still in charge.

Fred A. Lawrason, retiring president of the Flint Association of the Deaf, acted as toastmaster and called on Willis Hubbard as the first speaker. He paid a fitting tribute to Thomas H. Gallaudet, and said among other thing that the picture of Gallaudet was placed on bank notes before the time of our present day greenbacks. Mr. Hubbard is himself a pioneer teacher of the deaf, having taught at M. S. D. for more than fifty years.

Mrs. James M. Stewart proposed a toast to the wife of Thomas H Gallaudet She was a deaf-mute but a splendid example of womanhood and gave to the world two highly distinguished sons, whose lives she helped mold. A favorite quotation of her youngest son when thinking of her was:

"We are here for a day,
To stamp on the clay
A part of ourselves that never will die."

The woman has certainly left a part of herself that never will die, through the inspiration she gave her husband and the influence she had on her sons. These three men have made the name of Gallaudet known and loved by the deaf the world over, and the influence they have had on the education of the deaf will live for all time.

E. M. Bristol told of his first meeting with Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. When Mr. Bristol was a pupil at the M. S. D. it was the custom to have some one not connected with the school conduct the examinations. Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was chosen to conduct one of the examinations. These ordeals were dreaded by the pupils but the minute they saw the kind, benevolent face of Gallaudet, all terror fled and the examination became a pleasure.

Margaret M. Leveck, the only Michigan girl holding a degree from Gallaudet College, proposed a toast to Edward M. Gallaudet, founder of the college.

Vernon S. Birck spoke briefly in behalf of the National Association of the Deaf, then followed the main address of the evening by Dr. George T. Dougherty, the Chicago chemist.

Dr. Dougherty paid a fine tribute to the M. S. D, and stated that many graduates of the local institution are now residents of Chicago. They are all well-to-do independent citizens forming a bunch that Michigan may well be proud of. He touched on the main points in the life of Gallaudet and the events that led him to found the first deaf school. He then expressed his views on the methods of instructing the deaf. He favored the same system now employed at the M. S. D. This system is known to the profession as the combined system, as it allows the use of both oral and manual instruction.

In addition to this Dr. Dougherty advocated the two-handed alphabet be taught the pupils as is done in England. This alphabet is much easier to learn than the single-handed one, and a great many more people apart from the deaf are familiar with its use.

In the two-handed English alphabet, starting with the thumb and taking the fingers in order, we have the five vowels. The thumb being "a" and the little finger "u." Anyone can learn the rest of the alphabet in five minutes and be able to carry on a rapid conversation with the deaf without writing at all. He urged the association to educate the public on this point, as it would do much to remove the prejudice against the instruction of the deaf by the use of the manual alphabet. His talk was a masterly one and made a fine impression on all present. The deaf will no doubt make an effort to bring him to the city again.

Mrs. Robert L. Erd closed the program with a beautiful rendering of "How Sleep the Good," a poem composed by Thomas H. Gallaudet. The committee in charge consisted of George F. Tripp, Mrs. W. S. Snell, Gertrude C. Strand, Leila M. Bailey, Arlington J. Eickhoff.—*Flint (Mich) Journal, Dec. 4.*

PITTSBURGH.

The general observance by the Deaf of the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and the excellence of many of the programs in connection therewith, is an assurance that the deaf as a whole do appreciate the labors, self sacrifices and consistency of the founder of the first permanent school for the deaf in this country. They recognize him as the father of their education and their promotion in the scale of citizenship It augurs a large outpouring of the deaf at Hartford next summer, as it should be. They will be benefited assuredly.

At the school at Edgewood, Mr. A. U. Downing, of the teaching corps, delivered a very lucid and interesting discourse on Dr. Gallaudet, and Samuel Rogalsky, one of the students, declaimed "Gallaudet" a poem, at the close. Comments by many of the pupils show how well the lecturer handled his subject, and it is to be hoped they will remember well the points driven home.

The same evening, December 9th, the Pittsburgh Branch of the P. S. A. D., held a meeting and presented an interesting program relating to the work of Gallaudet. Mr. McMaster spoke of the importance of the work of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, of the humble beginning of Old Hartford and her glory as the mother of our present-day magnificent Institutions. He having been educated at Hartford, gave many entertaining reminiscences of his school days and of the instructors there in his time. Some of these he had told before, but they, like the "Old, old Story," never seem to get stale and were enjoyed immensely.

Mrs. C. S. Sawhill and Mr. F A. Leitner followed with a dialogue, supporting the extremes of deaf-mute education. Mr. Sawhill said the sign language was as necessary in the scheme of education of the deaf now as it ever was, while Mr. Leitner gave oralism the glad hand. It was all very amusing, if not particularly instructive or convincing on either side. But that was what it was meant to be. Mr. Gray told a couple of amusing stories which were also entertaining, and he was followed by Mr. Teegarden, who gave a brief sketch of Sophia Fowler Gallaudet, and here it may be stated that Euna Boyd, who had charge of the Sophia Fowler Gallaudet Fund in this section, had that evening forwarded to Mrs. A. D. Bryant, Treasurer, $5.65 as Pittsburgh's contribution.

The program of the evening was ended by a declamation by Miss M. M. Toomey, in her usual graceful style. This was supplemented by a *tableau vivant* impersonated by Mr. George Blackhall and little Jean Taylor, and it made a good representation of the bronze statue of Gallaudet at Washington.

We learned some time ago that Mr. J. K. Forbes had relinquished his position as a clerk at the Swissvale works, which he had held for a number of years, to give his whole attention to his lunch business. For years Mr. Forbes has supplied the workmen at East Pittsburg and Swissvale with lunches, which he does up in neat, clean boxes. These have grown very popular with the men so that now Mr. Forbes has all he can do to meet the demand.

Mr. Joshua Finley has gone to Butler County, where the contractor whom he serves has contracts. He may be in Woodlawn before long also. He says there is no lack of work.

Mrs. William Hedrich is still confined at the Columbia Hospital, Wilkinsburg, with what they say is rheumatism. Her friends hope for a speedy release.

After thirteen years of efficient service as supervisor of the Primary Department of the Edgewood school, Miss Plummer has resigned to engage in other work. She is succeeded by Miss Margaret Wilson, of Philadelphia.

Mr. McMaster gave one of his inimitable talks to the pupils at the school Saturday evening, December 16th. Mac. is quiet popular with the boys and girls at the school and his talks are always very much enjoyed.

David Goldberg was a visitor at the school Saturday evening. He has been employed in the L. and Z. Suit-Case Company of Pittsburgh since he left school, and is making good it would seem. He regrets being obliged to quit his studies so soon however.

The holiday bug is so prevalent just now, that there is nothing doing except in the holiday goods department, and zero weather pushes that considerably.

G. M. T.

The 2-cent letter postage was established in 1883. Previous to that for 20 years it was a scale of rates according to distance.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M New York
A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

On the occasion of his sixtieth birthday anniversary, Emil Basch entertained thirty six of his intimate friends with a dinner at Westminster Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 19th. To the above number should be added his sister and another lady, and his niece and her husband with their two charming daughters.

The hall, which is in the vicinity of Central Park at Lenox Avenue, is admirably suited for such affairs It was most beautifully decorated with festoons of green leaves commingled with red berries, which swept from the ceiling to all sides and corners of the room in graceful curves The pillars, which were square, with mirrors on each side, also were entwined with similar decorations.

At the centre of a long table at the head of the room Mr. Basch was seated, with his sister and relatives on either side. The other guests at this table were Mr. and Mrs Bachrach and Messrs. Frankenheim and Hodgson. The rest of the company were seated at four separate round tables, each accommodating eight guests.

Before the guests were seated, Mr. Basch made a neat address of welcome, and told them how pleased he was to have them present. He was toasted with crystal glasses filled with a fluid that looked rosy with what seemed a maraschino cherry drowned in nectarine.

MENU.

Grape Fruit Surprise
Manhattan Cocktail

Kennebeck Salmon Sauce Tartar
Parisian Potatoes

Consomme of Vermicelli and Marrow Balls

Table Celery Queen Olives Gherkins
Preserved Pickles Salted Almonds

Chicken Fricassee Potato Nature

Punch Cardinal Fancy Cases

Fresh Beef Tongue Sauce Polonaise
Potato Croquettes

Philadelphia Capon Long Island Duck
French Green Peas Cranberry Sauce

Lemon Meringue Pie Chocolate Tarts
Fruits Bon Bons Water Ices
Cafe Noir

Rhine Wine California Port Wine
Apollinaris Champagne

Something not on the menu, but which was circulated by Mr. Basch and enjoyed by all, was a box of Integridad Conchas of colorado claro strength. But before the tandstickers could be scratched, Mr. Frankenheim arose, and in a neat speech (interpreted orally by Mr. Nuboer) presented Mr. Basch with a fine watch fob, a joint gift from all present.

Mr. Basch looked on wonderingly for a moment, then collected his wits and thanked the gentlemen and ladies for the unexpected gift, and reminded them that his invitation cards had explicitly requested that no gifts be brought. However, he felt honored and grateful, and to prove it, he made the circuit of the room greeting each lady present with a chaste salute, and wringing with fervid clasp the hand of each gentleman.

In the order named, and with Mr. Nuboer interpreting into spoken words, the following made complimentary and felicitous addresses, Mr Frankenheim acting as master of ceremonies: Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, Mrs. Ruth Bodenweiser Hirsch, Mr. William Lipgens, Mr. Max Miller, Mr. Basch's nephew, Mr. E Souweine, Mrs Johanna H. McCluskey, Mr. Arthur C. Bachrach, Mr. Felix A. Simonson, Mr. Marcus L. Kenner, Mr. Henry C. Kohlman, Mr. Charles C. McMann.

During the evening telegrams of congratulation were received from Mrs. Frankel and her two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Werner, and also a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gunner, of Chicago.

Those present were: Mrs. Amanda Basch, sister of Emil Basch; Mrs. Ida Basch, sister-in-law; Mr. and Mrs Fred Romame, nephew and niece; Miss Florence Romame, their daughter; Miss Henrietta Basch, daughter of Mrs. Ida Basch; Mr. Frankenheim, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Loew, Mrs. J. H. McCluskey, Mr. M. S. Moses, Mr. and Mrs. Kenner, Mr. and Mrs. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Bramson, Mr. and Mrs. Lipgens, Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch, Mr. and Mrs. Bachrach, Mr. and Mrs. M. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Loewenherz, Miss Bessie Fink, Mr. A. A. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. Souweine, Mr. Kohlman, Mr. Nuboer.

It was nearing midnight when subway, trolley, elevated, taxi, and limousine bore the happy participants of a very, very, enjoyable evening to their several homes.

Mr. Emil Basch came to this country from Posen, Prussia, in 1876, at the age of twenty years. He learned the English language rapidly, and became helpfully concerned in the social and literary societies of the deaf. He joined the leading associations of that time, and ever since has taken a keen interest in organized work. At present and for the past year he has held the money bags of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

Mr. Basch is a cigar packer by occupation, and for several years successfully conducted a well-stocked store of his own, dealing in cigars and all kinds of smoker's supplies. His business was bust by the trust, so he went back to the packing table, and is now and has been for many years a valued employee of Chas. S. Morris & Co.

We hope a few more decades will be added to the threescore years now so lightly borne by Emil Basch.

The following is taken from the New York *American* of December 21st: Four-year old Isaac Paroge, a deaf-mute, rushed out on the fire escape of his home on the second floor of No. 4 Rutgers Place yesterday He flung his tiny arms about wildly, as his little pent-up soul struggled vainly with his mute vocal chords

A score of pushcart peddlers in the street observed the little chap. "Go back," they yelled, "or you will fall!" Then, seeing he did not appear to understand, they waved their arms in gestures to explain their command. The child then meekly went back.

A moment later a curling wisp of smoke issued from the window through which he had crawled Realization broke over the peddlers, who then rushed up the stairs, and burst through the locked door of the Paroge apartment.

Little Isaac had been left in charge of his two sisters, Sylvia, five years old, and Rachel, eight months, while his mother went shopping. Fire had started a few minutes after she left. By the time the peddlers arrived Sylvia had been burnt to death, and baby Rachel was ablaze from head to foot. Isaac's hair was also on fire.

Rachel was hurried to Beth Israel Hospital, where she lies in a critical condition. The mother, who arrived soon afterwards, also hurried there, unaware of her elder daughter's death.

ZENOISMS

BE WISE

By Herbert Kaufman

You double-crossed a friend to-day,
But you won't make your getaway.
The dirty deuce is in the pack;
He'll find it, and take up your track.
Somewhere, sometime, you'll have to pay
For every little rotten play.
The fool thinks he can turn his back
Upon his record and forget!
But only squaring wipes a debt.
Own up, before your chance is wrecked;
Win back his faith, your self-respect;
Replace, atone, apologize;
Be wise!

Considering the unfailing tenor of every obituary that we read in the l.p.f., it is clear that St. Peter ought to be friendly by learning the sign-language.

If you extend courtesy to a deaf neighbor to cross your yard, he is sure in time to think it his special privilege to spit in it.

A deaf woman who says "Oh!" to everything you say, never feels regret if she finds that insincerity is a dialect that you also understand well.

When an oral girl's face is her fortune, nobody cares if she spells: "You are funny laugh."

If some deaf-mutes were as loyal to the N. A. D., as they are to the affable bartenders, the oralists would begin to think it a losing game.

Loyal N. A. D. members are seldom appreciated. There are so few of them anyway.

Either the Howson process will chloroform the N. A. D., or conservatism will chloroform him.

ZENO.

ATTACK ON DEAF-MUTE.

A deaf-mute was attacked early today by two negro bandits, who dashed carbolic acid into his face, beat him severely, robbed him of $300 and threw him into Pennypack Creek from the lonely Welsh road bridge, Holmesburg. He probably will lose the sight of one eye.

The victim, believed to be named Ostrowitz, was dragged from the water shortly after midnight by Detective Fermler, of the Tacony Station, who was attracted by splashings. After having his wounds and burns treated at the Frankford Hospital, he told his story to Lieutenant of Detectives Wood at City Hall, through an interpreter, Policeman William Robb. He was understood with difficulty, as he is illiterate and is not a master of the sign language.

Detectives learned through the interpreter that as he was crossing the bridge he was held up by two negroes armed with a pistol and a bottle. When he showed fight they threw acid into his face, rifled his pockets and, after beating him, threw him into the creek. He is a Brooklyn tinsmith, with a wife and three children, and came here to look for work.

The Detective Bureau communicated with the Brooklyn police and put men on the trail of the bandits. An empty bottle that contained acid was found on the bridge. Dr. John Wanamaker, 3d, police surgeon, said that the fall into the water saved the victim from being blinded instantly.—*Phila. Evening Ledger, Dec. 4.*

CHICAGO.

News items of interest to the deaf of Chicago and vicinity may be addressed to Edwin M. Hazel, 5317 West 24th Street, Cicero, Ill. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

To those who failed to be present, last Saturday evening, at Parish House, to listen to the entrancing account of the extended business trip, recently taken by N F. S. D. Grand Secretary Francis P. Gibson, certainly missed one grand educational (especial geographical) treat. The splendid manner in which Bro. Gibson portrayed the beauties of the scenery passed through, the notable men and women he came in contact with, and the unaffected, soulful hospitality accorded him all along the line, was good for the heart, and at the close of his discourse a rising vote of thanks was given him for his brilliant effort.

From the night of September 30th, when he left Chicago on a Chicago and Northwestern sleeper, till the early morning of October 31st, when he ate his first breakfast at home in a month, the Secretary carried his pleasure-awed listeners step by step throughout the beautiful Western America so often spoken of as "The Garden Spot of the World." How we thrilled at his pictures, laughed at his scintillating wit and humor, and lavishly applauded his brilliant climaxes! I feel sorry for those who should have been there but were not. Much lasting good to that noble body of deaf men all over America will result from Brother Gibson's western tour, and echoes of its resultant beneficences will be heard throughout the N. F. S D circles for many years to come.

At the close of Secretary Gibson's feast, another grand dissertation was given by one of Chicago's best and most beloved deaf pastors, the Rev. George Flick, than whom as a minister, a citizen or as a friend, few stand higher. To begin with, as a thriller to the deaf, Mr. Flick built (in the entirety) a moving picture projecting machine which throws on the screen a brilliant, steady picture, most agreeable to the eye. He had it in readiness, and had secured a film which all classes of people could fully enjoy, the deaf and the hearing, and, with himself at the wheel, gave an entertainment which would have been a prime attraction in our best theaters. The film contained the latest and grandest inventions of the age—aeroplanes, flying boats, mammoth railroad engines drawing monster cannon; showed the process of paper making, the latest and largest electric cars—in fact all the things calculated to enlighten and brighten the minds of the beholders. I am sorry that I cannot tell my readers everything that precious film showed in lifelike motion, but I will say, from the many remarks I overheard after the show, Rev. George Flick should justly feel proud. Bros. Gibson and Flick were the two particular heroes of the evening, and for the superlative pleasure it afforded the big, happy crowd, both received their full measure of praise.

Mrs Henry Stengele, of Plainfield, N. J., put in a pleasant ten-day visit among her old time friends in Chicago, as she called it, "resting up." Her resting spells were not of long duration, for her friends saw to it that she was "entertained" in unison with the well earned reputation of the Windy City's deaf folks for hospitality. She left last week for Milwaukee, where she reports she is having a most enjoyable time. Her itinerary embraces a stop of one day each in Racine and Kenosha, and in Philadelphia she is to be the guest of the Rev. and Mrs Dantzer for several days. Thence she will wind up a happy jaunt among those who share her love by returning to her New Jersey home, accompanied by the best wishes of all with whom she came in contact on the trip. While in Chicago, Mrs. Stengele remained over night at the elegant residence of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Weller, after which she paid a joyful visit to Mr and Mrs. Guy Favorite; also not forgetting to visit her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Hasenstab. It goes without saying that the lady hugely enjoyed the round of visits, for that prince of good fellows, Sidney Howard, splendidly acted as her chaperon.

With sadness we chronicle the distressing accident which befell Mr. Guy Favorite last Wednesday afternoon. While doing some joiner work in a planing mill, where he has been employed for several months, a board which he was endeavoring to hold tight (with cold benumbed fingers and hands) suddenly flew up, drawing his left hand into the machine. Before he could extricate it he had lost half of the middle finger and the ends of his second and fore fingers. Poor fellow! This is almost exactly the same way in which our friend Charles Sharpnack lost the fingers of his left hand about three years ago. As this particular factory is not heated (as every factory is supposed to be, by law, in Illinois), I would respectfully suggest that Bro. Favorite claim damages under the employer's liability act. The proprietors of this factory have laid themselves open to justifiable prosecution, by the shameful neglect they have shown in failing to make their plant comfortable in cold weather for their employes. The payment of damages, once, may be the pivotal case. You have got to *drive* some people to be good. It is understood that some of the employes have complained before of the bitter frigidity of this factory in winter, to no purpose, as is seen by this latest unfortunate accident to Bro. Favorite.

Miss Cora Jacoba and her kin have the heartfelt sympathy of her many loyal friends in the loss, by death, of her venerable father. He passed peacefully away during the early morning hours of last Thursday, beloved of all who knew him best, at the ripe and well-spent age of 87 years. After touching funeral services, last Saturday, the honored and beloved remains were accompanied by sorrowing family and friends out to beautiful Rose Hill Cemetery, where the earthly remains of the kindly old man were tenderly laid at rest

On Saturday, December 16th, from noon till 7 o'clock P. M, Mrs. Rutherford, assisted by Mrs Gibney, served a fine dinner at 25 cents per plate, which was greatly enjoyed by the many satisfied partakers.

Refreshments were served later in the evening at nominal prices, all for the benefit of a Christmas tree celebration, which is to be held in the lecture room of the Methodist Church Mission for the Deaf, Thursday evening, December 21st.

As the cheery days of Christmas giving are here, and we are looking around for a suitable and lasting present to bestow upon a friend, sweetheart or kindred, let me suggest a most appropriate and splendid one, a gift all—young and old, who can read—will highly appreciated. It is a little book of seventy-two neat pages, containing sixty-two completed and well-told, interesting stories of animal life and natural sagacity. The author of the charming little book is Mr E S. Waring, and he has certainly achieved a grand result in compiling so many good stories in so small a space. Anyone would be proud to own such a treasure, and would thank the giver heartily. I am the Chicago agent of the work, and take pride in saying it is worth more than the price, which is, sent to you by mail, only 50 cents, money or postage stamps. All are pleased who have bought it. Shall I send you one? See my address at head of this department.

A little 4-year-old boy, seeing his first snake cross the path, yelled to his mother: "Oh, mama, come here quick. It just crossed the path!" The mother ran to him and asked: "What did you see, my son?" "Oh, mama," said the little fellow, "I saw nothin' with a tail on it."

At the Roman Catholic Church, May and 12th Streets, will be held a grand celebration and appropiate ceremonies, together with a big Christmas tree full of the things to cheer the infantile heart, Sunday the 31st, or last day of December Great preparations have been made for the celebration, and an unusually pleasant evening is in store for the faithful, young and old, who attend.

ONTARIO CANADA.

TORONTO

Mr. Robert H. Randall, of Paris, was in the city, over the week end of December 9th, the guest of Mr. R. S Edwards.

Mr. R. C. Slater, of King, came to the city on December 8th and remained over night with Mr. and Mrs George W. Reeves, and left next morning for Owen Sound, where he had charge of the Service for the Deaf there on Sunday. He returned to this city on Monday, and remained over night with Mr. and Mrs. H. W Roberts, leaving for home Tuesday morning. He had an attentive gathering of ten at his meeting

Mr. George W. Reeves, who ran the *Deaf Canadian* before it went into oblivion in September of last year, has sold the press and most of the printing paraphernalia, so if the *Deaf Canadian* ever comes to life again, it will be printed downtown in a different way.

Mrs. Peterkin, daughter of Mr R. C Slater, of King, and who is a trained nurse, left for Galt, on December 11th, to wait upon her uncle, Mr. Slater's oldest brother, who underwent a serious operation on that date. We trust he will soon recover, although he has already passed the span of threescore and a half of his earthly career.

Since your correspondent wrote his items for your JOURNAL last week, he has obtained further particulars concerning the death of the father of Miss Elizabeth Veitch. He died from Chronic Bronchitis Disease in the sixty-third year of his age. Among the children he leaves behind are the Misses Elizabeth and Margaret Veitch, both of whom are graduates of the Belleville School. Elizabeth has since returned to her duties here.

Mr. Alfred Cuddy, who underwent a serious operation lately at St. Michael's Hospital, is progressing very favorably and we hope to see him around before very long. This will be good news for his many friends.

Mrs. Samuel Pugsley was in Oakville on December 5th and 6th, the guest of Mrs. R. M. Thomas, and reports a pleasant time.

Mr. George W. Reeves was the exortant at the Sunday Services for our Deaf friends in Hamilton on December 17th. Mr. F. Brigden was up on the same errand at Kitchen and New Hamburg over the week end of December 9th.

Mr John Stacy Barthley, who has been living out at Long Branch all summer, has moved to the city and is now boarding on Pembroke Street. Mr. and Mrs. N. D. O'Neil are our only deaf friends now living out at the Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Jaffray have named their little child, Jessie Florence Jaffray, in honor of their respective sisters.

GENERAL.

Mr. Robert McMaster, of Wiarton, was in Owen Sound for the services on December 10th, which were conducted by Mr. R. S. Slater, of King

From Woodstock comes word that a wedding couple were seen leaving a certain railway station, and were being showered with confetti in plenty. The couple seemed to be deaf, and we are wondering who they could be. We opine they might be our old friends, Miss Barbara Wolfe and Mr. Sutherland, but won't venture to say for sure. Perhaps their indentity will leak out later.

We would like to hear occasionally the doings of friends in London, Peterboro, Ottawa, Brantford, Kitchener, Hamilton, and Detroit, and your scribe will condense them into readable paragraphs.

I. O. U.

MICHIGAN.

Under the auspices of the E. E. M. D., at St. John's Parish House, Saturday evening, December 16th, a Christmas Tree Festival was given. It was grand and beautiful. Every little one was remembered. About 250 present greatly enjoyed the little ones romping around with the toys and so forth. Program was as follows:

Address of welcome, by Mrs. H. Waters; Christmas Song, by two little girls; Christmas Carol, by Mrs. Nelson; address of appreciation, by Rev. B. R. Allabough.

Refreshments were served, and Santa Claus stayed with the little ones to the end. Everybody went home well fed. The committee in charge deserve full praise. Rev. Allabough was present and thoroughly enjoyed himself

The day being the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Nelson, a purse was presented to her, collected by the ladies of the Guild, as a remembrance.

The Lutheran Mission held a most creditable bazaar Saturday afternoon, December 16th, at its church on Hendricks Street, corner Mt. Elliott. This Christmas fund is for the benefit of Lutheran families. The committee in charge were: Mrs. Moeller (hearing wife of Rev. Moeller), Mrs. Schoeder and Mrs Heck.

Father Kaufman has sent the following letter to the Priests of the Diocese:

"DEAR REV. FATHER:—Allow me to call your attention to the Catholic Ephpheta society of Detroit His members are deaf; in most cases both deaf and mute. It was organized in October 1914, with a membership of thirty-five The organization has steadily grown; today we are 115 strong We meet every month on the third Sunday in St. Joseph's Commercial College The meetings usually last from three to five Twice a year the members receive Holy Communion in a body during a special Mass. On this occasion the gospel is signed to them, and a sermon is preached in the signs We have socials from time to time, and a big picnic on Belle Isle once a year.

"There must be about thirty five Catholic Deaf-Mute in the diocese who are not members of our Society and who never come in contact with us, imply because they have not been "found out," or because they have not been reported to us. We have been singularly successful with the help of God, in organizing the Ephpheta society and in bringing it to its present status Perhaps no worker has had such an abundant harvest in such a short time. We desire that all the Deaf-Mutes without a single exception part ke of the good that is being done. We find that our monthly letter which is sent to all the Catholic Deaf-Mutes of the state, is read very eagerly Upon sending me the addresses of the Catholic Deaf-Mutes of your parish, their names are placed on the mailing list If they do not appear at the first meeting, I call on them at their homes or send a visitor."

Upon learning that a son of Erin from Chicago, had accepted an invitation to give a lecture before N A. D at Flint on Saturday evening, December 9th, in honor of the birth of Thomas H. Gallaudet, a party of four Detroit men motored to Flint; but, alas! they lost the way, so they turned back homeward.

The other day some Detroiters saw a motion picture of Mr. and Mrs Francis Gibson of Chicago, which appeared at one of the show houses.

Through this worthy paper, Detroit friends wish to congratulate Miss Letitia Gallagher of Chicago upon her engagement, which the Chicago *American* recently announced. Her father now dead, and mother, were well known all throughout Illinois as "Jimmy and Jenny."

Mrs. C. C. C.

Napoleon was a reader—persistent, omniverous, indefatigable. By the campfire and in his traveling carriage, in his temporary staff office, his own bed-room, his favorite volumes was ever kept within easy reach.

LOS ANGELES.

"Such a grand dinner and such a splendid time," was the unanimous verdict of the ten guests, who were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sonneborn to help celebrate their fifteenth wedding anniversary, at their attractive Oxford Street residence, Monday evening of November 27th. The affair was elaborately carried out, in every detail. Red roses were effectively combined with fernery in decoration of the table, making it a picture of artistic beauty. The color scheme was red and green. For a centerpiece was a huge bowl of beautiful half-blown red roses on a large mirror reflector.

Thus within keeping of the motif of the occasion, "Crystal Anniversary," crystal flakes were scattered all over the table, bringing most vividly to our reollection the snowflakes we saw long ago while in the East. The place cards had borders of crystal. At each plate was a favor of a pretty red rose almond cup, full of almonds, That was not all, for Mrs. Sonneborn announced that the lovely tall cut-glass perfumery bottle at each lady's plate, and a white silk handkerchief tied up with red ribbon at each man's plate, was to be one's own present as a souvenir of the happy occassion. You all can imagine what a pleasant surprise it was to us all.

The menu was:

MENU

Oyster and Shrimp cocktail in Ice Cups
Tid bits Radishes

Cream of Corn Soup Croutons
Ripe Olives

Hot Artichokes with Salad Dressing
B & B Sandwiches

Roast Turkey Candied Sweet Potatoes
Peas Timbaler Turkey Dressing
Celery Small Biscuit Cranberry Jelly

Asparagus Tips French Dressing
Bar Le Duc and Cheese

London Pudding Egg Nog Sauce
Cakes Candies Nuts

Demi Tasse

Chianti was served throughout the meal. At the midst of the supper a telegram of felicitation was sent to the happy couple from Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Loew, of New York City.

A toast was drunk to the health and happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Simonson, of New York City, fifteenth wedding anniversary also, whose came the next day.

Whole hearted felicitations were expressed, and the occasion was a most happy one. Those fortunate to sit at this to be long remembered supper were: Mr. and Mrs. Saxton Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn, Misses Peek and Angle, Mrs. Lefi and Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses M Cool.

Miss Bessie Reaves as usual was responsible for a capacity meeting of club Amapola, when she gave "The Lady of the Lake," to such good purpose that she charmed her audience into imagining they were taking part in the story, for so vividly was it brought before them.

She has the rare knack of holding her audience en rapport when she tells stories. We do consider ourselves most fortunate in having such a gifted story teller among us. It was a sad day when we were forced much against our will to say good bye to Mrs. Laverna Worustaff, who was compelled for certain reasons to go back to her old home at South Zanesville, Ohio. She was a most valued member of our society, always eager to lend a helping hand to any worthy undertaking, a worker in every sense of the word, which made it so hard for us to let her leave.

She somewhat lessened our grief at the parting, by giving us the assertion that it wouldn't be long before she would be with us once more.

So keep your word. We will look for you.

Mr and Mrs. Joe Sonneborn got a lovely cut-glass dish, made so that it had four dishes all under one bottom, from Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn; a very dainty cheese dish with silver knife, from Mrs. Lefi, and four custard cups of the Pyrex ware from Mr. and Mrs. Cool.

Miss O Jaseph, lately of New York City, just arrived at Los Angeles to make her home with her parents. She is already in love with it here and says the climate is most delightful. She also dotes on our moving picture shows. She has the happy knack of making friends, so on that account is a most welcome addition to our society.

Mrs. William Ward met with a most painful accident, but I am happy to say, she did not find it serious enough to be compelled to stay in bed. Upon getting out of the bath tub she accidently slipped on some soap suds and fell very hard on her side on the edge of the tub. She almost lost consciousness, but after awhile came to herself again Consulted with her doctor, who after making a careful examination said she had cracked a rib, and pleurisy set in, which made it all the more painful.

There is great rejoicing at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Buress, for a baby girl weighing seven and one-half pounds has just arrived Mother and baby are both doing very nicely, though the former was for some time most dangerously ill. This new arrival is the first child in the family, so Mr. and Mrs. Buress are most happy over it.

Mr. August Shultz, brother of Mrs. Buress, is very proud of this new distinction of being an uncle. He is now hunting toy stores, looking for suitable presents for his new baby niece.

Mrs. Ziba Usmun, who is perhaps best known to her friends in this city as Miss Mojonnier, is the guest of her parents after an absence of over two years. She is just her unctuously bright, plump and jolly self, which makes it doubly a pleasure to meet her once more.

Her baby boy, the apple of her eye, is everything one could wish in a baby. Her maternal air is most becoming to her. She goes back home in the spring, where her husband is doing so well in his vulcanizing shop, and as a side business he also sells automobile supplies.

Word was just received from Miss Kent to the effect she was now on her way to Los Angeles, then comes the intellegence that Mrs. Roberts, once known as Mrs. Frank Ellis, and her husband and two children, are now in Arizona enroute to our beautiful city.

That is not all, for a whisper has been going around that Mrs Margaret Thompson and Miss Edna Vandergift, both of St Paul, Minn., will soon be with us again.

So to us it seems to be raining guests, for so fast they are coming in. Well, we have plenty of room for them, and yes, for so many more of you

Hollywood no longer calls Miss Peek one of her residents, for she and Miss Angle recently moved into this city. Miss Peek just received her consignment of household goods from Chicago, which by its size will surely fill her five rooms to overflowing. But trust a woman to find a place for everything and not be overcrowded.

Miss Angle is overjoyed at the happy prospect of going back home to Chicago, to make her mother and brother a visit of one month's duration. MRS. MAY COOL.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A surprise birthday party was tendered to Miss Helen Dodge at the residence of Mrs. Sarah C Austin, on Hudson Street, Johnson City, by few of her deaf friends and her sisters, on Saturday evening, November 18th, 1916

As a reminder of the event, a sum of money was presented to Miss Dodge.

Games were played, and at the close refreshments were served.

Those present at the party were: Mrs. Sarah C. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Tilbury, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hamel, Mrs. Paul Tucker, Misses. Nora Sullivan, Helen Dodge, Vivian, Dorothy Dodge, Thelma and Helen White, Lovina I. Austin, and Messrs. W. S. Smith Austin, William Hawley and Lipman.

Another surprise birthday party was given in honor of Mr. Paul Tucker, by his wife and mother, at their residence on Martha Street, on Saturday evening, November 28th.

Mrs. Tucker induced her husband to go out that evening, and on their return he, of course, was surprised to find his home filled with friends—deaf an hearing.

At half past eight a bountiful supper was served to all.

Games of different kinds were played and greatly enjoyed.

A beautiful gold watch, with his initials was presented to him by those who were present.

The party broke up at half past eleven o'clock.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hamel, Helen Dodge, Lovina Austin, and Messrs. Meyer Lipman, William Hawley and Smith Austin.

On Thanksgiving Day Mrs. Sarah C. Austin and daughter and grandson, went to Brooklyn, Pa., to visit Miss Austin's aunt and uncle. Miss Austin returned home on the night train, while Mrs Austin and grandson staid till Sunday morning.

L. I. A.

SUNDRY NOTES.

"A GESTURE OF DERISION."

Lord Louis stopped at once and addressed him.

"Your pardon," said he, "am I right in believing that you directed at me a gesture of derision?"

The man started perceptibly but did no reply. Accordingly, Lord Louis put the question again.

"Oh, no, sir," he replied. "I said something to my friend—that's all. He's dumb—deaf and dumb—and I was talking to him in the deaf and dumb language"

The foregoing is taken from a story by Roland Pertwee in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

And the Detroit *Free Press* of December 5th, says: "Not having an acquintance with any one with a knowledge of the deaf and dumb language, we take this means of trying to learn what the gesture of derision means in that languge. The translation is a fighting word as we know it."

Australia has a huge harvester which reaps 60 acres of wheat a day. It is driven by oil.

Volta Bureau
1901—35th St.

ALBANY DIVISION, No. 51

NATIONAL FRATERNAL
SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

—— WISHES TO ANNOUNCE THAT A ——

Big Night

—— IS BEING PLANNED FOR ——

Saturday Evening, Feb. 24, 1917

[Watch this space for full particulars]

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Under the Auspices of

The New Haven Alumni Branch

For the benefit of the Alumni Fund for Hartford 1917 Convention

WENTWORTH HALL
1044 Chapel Street
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

SATURDAY, January 13, 1917, at 8 o'clock

MUSIC **PRIZES GIVEN**

Admission - - 35 cents

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS: MICHAEL LAPIDES.

1892 **1917**

SILVER JUBILEE

OF THE

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TO BE CELEBRATED BY A

Charity Ball

AT

Palais Revoir
1217 Bedford Ave., near Fulton Street

Saturday Evening, January 20, 1917

Music by Prof. A. K. Reiff

Tickets, Gentleman and Lady, 50 Cts.
" Lady - - 25 Cts.
(Including Wardrobe)

Anthony C. Reiff, *Chairman*,
19 Arlington Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Robert A. Kerstetter Archie J. McLaren
William G. Gilbert John Wilkinson
Alexander McIlwraith

[How to reach the Hall. Take Fulton St. Trolley from Brooklyn Bridge to Bedford Ave., or Trolley from Williamsburgh Bridge, Nostrand Ave. to Hancock St. Walk one block to Bedford Ave.]

HANDSOME PRIZES FOR MOST ORIGINAL COSTUMES

NINTH **ANNUAL**

Mask and Civic Ball

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Brooklyn Div., No. 23
N. F. S. D.

AT

Imperial Hall 360 Fulton St.

One block above Borough Hall, Brooklyn.

Saturday Eve'g., Feb. 3, 1917

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Tickets (INCLUDING WARDROBE) **50 cts.**

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Shakespearean

PAGEANT

Lincoln's Birthday

FEBRUARY 12, 1917

AT

St. Ann's Church

(Particulars later)

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

will be held at

St. Luke's Lutheran Church

42d Street, bet. Times Square
and Eighth Avenue, N. Y. City

Saturday Evening, Dec. 30th,
at eight o'clock

Admission, - - - 25 Cents
(Including Refreshments).

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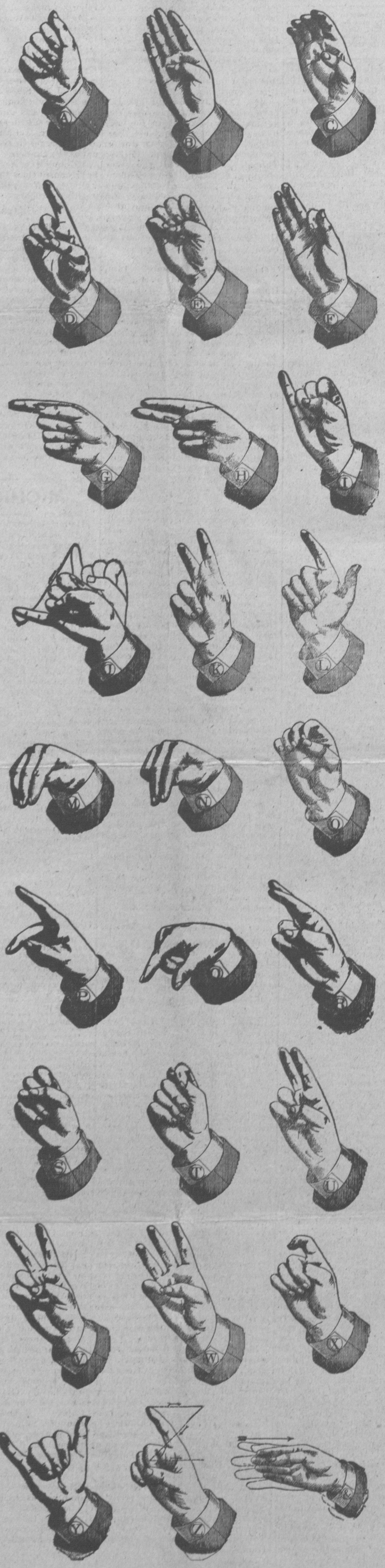
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3d Sunday, 9 a.m.

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Club Nights Every Tuesday and Thursday
EIGHT TO ELEVEN P.M.

Pocket Billiard Tournament.

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VALUABLE TROPHIES.
Those desiring to compete should communicate with Albert Ballin (Chairman), 511 West 148th Street.

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A Cordial Welcome to All.

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Mask and Fancy Dress Ball

NEWARK DIVISION, NO. 42, N.F.S.D.

Saturday Evening, January 6, 1917



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15-27 BELMONT AVE., COR. MORTON ST.

NEWARK, N. J.
(The largest Hall in Newark.)

TICKETS, - (including wardrobe) - 50 CENTS

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HOW TO REACH THE HALL—From New York, take the Hudson Tube to Park Place, Newark, take the trolley cars "Springfield" at the terminal (a few blocks from the tube station), or take the Jitnies waiting for the party at the tube, and get off at Belmont Avenue. One block to the Hall.

RESERVED FOR

ENTERTAINMENT AND CHARITY BALL

under the auspices of

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

Saturday Evening, March 3, 1917

YORKVILLE CASINO

East 86th Street, near Third Avenue

NEW YORK

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ENGLISH TAUGHT BY MAIL.

Did you ever stop to think that it is a disgrace not to be able to express yourself in good, plain, correct English? If you make queer, outlandish, funny errors in your language, it is your own fault. It implies laziness, or lack of effort, and neglect in your youth. You are only half-educated. That is plain; everybody can see it. *You cheated yourself and your school out of the other half, and made a chump of yourself.* Now, perhaps you are beginning to look backward with many regrets. But you are not the only one. There are others. It is never too late to mend: there is still hope for those who have the ambition and will to overcome their past mistakes. Enclose stamped and self addressed envelope and communicate with

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